The Washington Times

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Circulation of the Sunday Evening TIMES

Excuse Us for Intruding With Family Matters. But We Have MORE Good News For Our Friends, the Other Washington Newspapers.

Up to and including Sunday, July 29, the price of the Washington Sunday Evening **TIMES** was one cent. It was not possible to continue producing at that price such a Sunday afternoon newspaper as Washington wanted, and the price was raised to two cents. Some of our good friends were worried about this, particularly our friends in the other Washington newspaper offices, who like us and want to see us grow and prosper.

They said, with a sincerity that could not be questioned: "We are a little afraid that if you raise the price of the Sunday Evening **TIMES** to two cents, your circulation will be very badly hurt."

It is a pleasure to reassure them today, and tell them that the circulation of the Sunday Evening **TIMES** yesterday at **TWO** cents was larger that it was on July 29 at **ONE** cent.

The Sunday evening newspaper, read after church, after golf, and after exercise in the sunlight, containing all the news up to the last moment, delights the family.

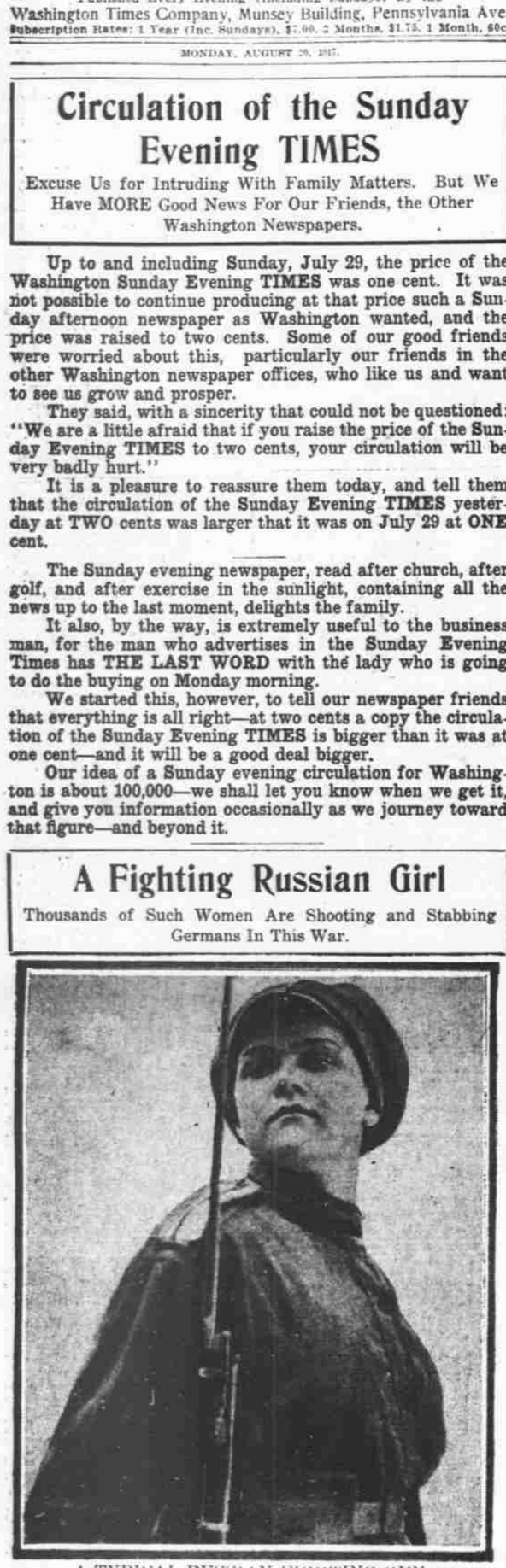
It also, by the way, is extremely useful to the business man, for the man who advertises in the Sunday Evening Times has **THE LAST WORD** with the lady who is going to do the buying on Monday morning.

We started this, however, to tell our newspaper friends that everything is all right—at two cents a copy the circulation of the Sunday Evening **TIMES** is bigger than it was at one cent—and it will be a good deal bigger.

Our idea of a Sunday evening circulation for Washington is about 100,000—we shall let you know when we get it, and give you information occasionally as we journey toward that figure—and beyond it.

A Fighting Russian Girl

Thousands of Such Women Are Shooting and Stabbing Germans In This War.



A TYPICAL RUSSIAN FIGHTING GIRL.

This Russian fighting girl is one of thousands that faced the Germans, actually stood up against bullets and bayonets, and, incidentally, fought while thousands of men ran away.

It is, of course, pitiful and regrettable that fine young women of this type should be driven by war into the game of murder. The effect on the future generation must be bad, and the loss of such future mothers as this girl would make, is a great loss to Russia and the world.

But the entrance of these young women into war, a majority of them educated girls, students at the universities, shows how earnestly the people, including the women of Russia, have taken liberty and the revolution to heart.

Women in the past have established religions, supported the religious leader and given him his success with their devotion and courage.

Women were the great Christian martyrs, women were the Pagan priestesses, and women have given its strength and life to the newest religion, Christian Science.

May the women of Russia do for freedom and successful revolution—freedom from autocracy—what women in religion have done to free the world from vice and superstition.

The Eyes of the Army - - By Raemaekers

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Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's Article On Behavior

There's a Home for the Feeble-Minded Where Such a Thing as Unruliness Is Unknown Because These Afflicted Folk Retain the Instinct of "Company Manners"—People Who Are Angels Abroad but the Other Thing in Their Own Homes Are Examples of the Same Thing, and There Was a Woman Who Fought This "Company Instinct" in Public and Provoked Desires for Corporal Punishment.

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

I WAS talking the other day to the matron of an institution for feeble-minded girls, and I asked her what methods of discipline were used in case her charges became fractious and unruly.

"Practically none at all," she smiled. "The institutional life is generally sufficient to correct any tendency in that direction."

Then she went on to elucidate this statement. "It's what I call the 'company instinct,' the idea of putting one's best foot forward in the presence of strangers. Did you never notice it among children? Johnny Jones may be at home a veritable imp of Satan, yet when he goes to visit his grandparents or maiden aunt he gives a very fair imitation of the angel child, and it's the same thing all through life and in every grade of society. Every one tries to create a good impression upon the people he meets. It seems to be a fundamental impulse.

"Very often," she continued, when one of these unfortunate girls is brought to us, some member of her family will warn us to expect disturbances.

"'I hope you will be able to manage her without any trouble,' they say; 'but——!' And then they go on to tell of the difficulties they have experienced in dealing with her at home.

"We, however, very rarely have any trouble. The 'company instinct' survives in even the most deficient of these girls and serves as an effective restraint. They want to appear well before us and the other patients, and willingly submit to our regulation until conforming in time becomes a habit."

Everybody Knows the Pair Loving "in Company" Squabbles in Private.

I recognized very readily the force of what she had to say. That peculiar psychological trait of which she spoke—the "company instinct"—is familiar to us all, and is in its way a vast civilizing and restraining force. But it isn't carried far enough; it doesn't obtain sufficiently in the more intimate relations of life. All of us know men and women who are angels abroad, but devils at home.

There is the husband, suave, debonair, a prince of good fellows when you catch him out, but at home a petty tyrant, surly and overbearing. His counterpart is the fretful, whining, nagging wife, who is everywhere acclaimed as so sweet and considerate — everywhere except at her own fireside.

The home, indeed, is only too often a hotbed of the most disgraceful squabbles, quarrels and disagreements. People who are restrained and courteous elsewhere, even under the most trying circumstances, are half the time tucking away their grievances and disappointments and irritations in a convenient corner of their memory ready to unload them all upon the innocent members of their families the moment they reach the safe haven of home.

Taunts, criticism and remonstrances which they would not dare utter to a stranger are flung about recklessly with the natural result that they are answered in kind; and owing to the intimate knowledge that each party to the dispute possesses of the other's weak points and armor-joints, every rapier thrust draws blood, leaving wounds which sometimes do not heal in years. Frequently the other members of the household mix or are drawn into the contention, until the family circle assumes the aspect of a miniature Donnybrook fair, where no one escapes without a figurative broken head or bloody nose.

This is not a universal picture. Every home is not a bear garden. But there are far too many where the children—and the parents, too, —"delight to bark and bite;" some homes with a continuous performance that would put to the blush an election day riot.

Nor is this behavior confined to the ignorant and uncultivated. It's fifty-fifty between them and "the best people." In fact, the latter are often the most flagrant offenders, their wider vocabulary and more dexterous use of verbal weapons qualifying them as experts. Indeed, relative-baiting is one of our most popular indoor American sports.

Those who indulge in it seem to consider that home is a place where one can lay aside the decencies and restraints of intercourse as one exchanges one's street costume for a negligee, or one's coat for a smoking jacket.

It is the old problem of liberty and license. Because home is a place for freedom and relaxation and unfettered conversation, that is certainly no reason to go on a sort of cowboy rampage every time you enter it, shooting up any of your "blood an' kin" that happen to get in your way.

That sort of thing becomes a habit. The people who are addicted to it have, by being so frequently on the offensive, caused those about them to adopt a defensive attitude. Both sides expect hostilities and hostilities ensue. The only way the evil can be corrected is by continual self-discipline. As with everything else, prevention is far easier than cure.

I saw a solemn sight in a restaurant lately. A man and his wife were entertaining several guests at luncheon. The hostess was one of those superficially pretty, silly women whose mental activities seem devoted to getting the right make-up on their faces, the right polish on their fingernails and the proper disposition of their large diamonds. There was nothing distinctive about her; she looked as if she came in a box by the dozen.

She had evidently started her marriage career by being the petted, indulged child-wife. That was plainly her ideal of herself—a rather faded and ragged ideal now, at thirty-five, but still maintained.

Her husband was large and silent and shamefaced. Every time he spoke she corrected him. She flew at him in brief, petulant rages. She pouted and made sarcastic remarks about him to her guests. Those unhappy wretches showed they did not regard the event as a Roman holiday in spite of their elaborate food. On the contrary, they appeared bored and ill at ease.

The husband bent his energies to avoiding a more humiliating scene. But, oh! if he had but had the courage to give her one smart, resounding slap across the face, or have led her home and ducked her in the bathtub, he might have saved her soul and made her a decent member of society.

She Brings Up Her Boys to Strict Observance of Little Courtesies.

I know a woman, the mother of two small boys, who is bringing them up to observe the social conventions and formalities more rigorously in the home than abroad. They are obliged to rise if she or their little sister enters the room, no matter how deeply they may be engrossed in books or play, and to open the door when either passes out, and in general to exercise courtesy and deference at all times.

"But aren't you afraid of making them little prigs?" I asked doubtfully.

"Better prigs than barbarians," she replied, with emphasis. "My own parents were easy-going people, who imposed practically no restraint upon us children. As a result, we squabbled like young savages and the law of might was the only rule which held sway. As we grew up this lack of order and restraint grew more apparent.

"Nobody had any respect for the belongings of another, but helped himself to whatever he wanted, although fighting like a wildcat if any one touched his possessions. As a consequence of all this, hardly any two of us are on speaking terms today.

"Therefore, in my own home," she said, "I insist upon every convention of decorum and good breeding, as much as if we were guests and strangers to each other. Priggish, you may call it," she smiled, "but at least it is peaceful, far more comfortable than the confusion and turmoil I remember in my father's house of strife."

Here is an extreme program, but surely there is a golden mean which can be followed to profit.

What the Vote Means to the Boy

Civic Opportunity and Political Training Are Unknown to the City's Youth.

By DAVID LAWRENCE.

America is fighting to make the world safe for democracy. It would be safe enough perhaps for this generation, but the people of today conceive themselves to be trustees of the national destiny, trustees for posterity. They want to safeguard the future. Individual toil and sacrifice in modern society is for the family—for the children.

What is there to citizenship and public life for the boy born or raised in Washington? To what public service can he dedicate himself? What independence of spirit can he develop under a system of benevolent autocracy which chooses his city government for him and compels him to submit to its ministrations as a child takes its food? The food may be nourishing and digestible, but does it always bring happiness with it? To be fed three times a day is not always to be happy on those three occasions.

What the young man in Washington misses is civic opportunity. He cannot look forward to a career in politics. He cannot look forward to the wonderful educational opportunities that come to those who associate themselves with municipal reform. There is no common council, no board of aldermen, no board of supervisors—no machinery to provide political training for higher posts in life.

If the young man of Washington is impressed by the attainments of certain Senators and Representatives who help make the history of this country, how can he hope to emulate them unless he moves away from Washington to some city, town, or village, perhaps, where his personality can mean something in a community in which can come the chance to rise? If not for themselves, certainly then for their children, the people of Washington ought to demand the right to vote. And demanding the right to vote should mean mass meetings, suffrage associations, public petitions, public advertising and demonstrations. This requires money. Washington's business men could easily raise such a fund. Many a man who has paid thousands of dollars in taxes with not a voice in the expenditure thereof would be willing no doubt to contribute toward an educational movement of this kind.

For, once the people see the men of prominence in the District of Columbia ready to co-operate in democratic fashion with the rank and file of the city's residents, the demand for suffrage will grow by leaps and bounds. The meaning of the vote could be brought home to every man and woman in the District of Columbia. It could be translated in terms of better street car service, better telephone service, cheaper electric light rates, and a closer connection between the will of the people and the fulfillment of their wishes. The campaign for the ballot would be educative in the sense that it would teach a wise use of it when granted. There is a bill in Congress—the Dyer bill—proposing a referendum in which the people of the District shall say whether or not they want the right to vote. Since this seems to be the shortest cut to suffrage, that measure ought to be pushed by every interest in the city that sincerely desires the re-enfranchisement of Washington. Of the result of such a referendum there would be no doubt. And if Congress adjourns without sanctioning such a referendum, it might even be conducted informally. Of the 350,000 people who live here, the vast majority want the right to vote. They can make themselves heard if they proceed aggressively to assert this demand. Washington is too accustomed to phlegmatic attitudes on public matters. The occasion and the object call for a change. The people must declare themselves emphatically against imported rulers, against taxation without representation, against benevolent guardianship, against Government by the select few. Congress would not long ignore such an appeal for it is of the essence of democracy—the boasted shibboleth of the war itself.

Starting a Career at 60

For a man to begin a new career after reaching sixty years of age and win fame in it is an unusual thing. William de Morgan, however, surprised the world with a novel of such scope and distinction that it recalled the masters of Victorian fiction, and outdid the classic example of Cato learning Greek at eighty.

Yet the miracle is not incapable of explanation. He had lived for years in an atmosphere of art and literature as a member of the Chelsea group in which Rossetti and Burne-Jones were distinguished figures, and the fact that he devoted himself so long to illustration work in stained glass and pottery did not preclude the existence of a creative instinct of another kind. It was characteristic of that circle, indeed, to find more than one vehicle of expression. De Morgan was slower than some of the others to turn to the pen—a belated William Morris. It would be idle to deplore circumstances. The finished work of "Joseph Vance" must have been in one way or another the result of years of silent apprenticeship.

Once-Overs

Don't Get "Fresh."

Young man, you think you are a crackerjack salesman, a regular whirlwind when it comes to convincing a customer and clinching a sale.

You make your brags and can prove it, too, that you can "sell every two out of three persons you tackle."

Look out that success does not make you too nonchalant.

Look out that you don't get feeling so satisfied with yourself that you become too familiar and pert with those you meet, and mistake interested politeness for opportunity.

You think that by calling the young son "brother," the little daughter "sister," giving appreciative side glances to the young woman of the household, squeezing "sister's" arm and chucking the baby under the chin you are establishing yourself in the good opinion of the family and your sale is assured that way.

You may never know how near you came to losing a sale by just such undue familiarities.

There is a difference between breeziness and familiarity.